



Taylor fund

THE
PROLOUGE
TO
King WILLIAM & Queen MARY,

*At a Play Acted before Their Majesties at
Whitehall, on Friday the 15th of November 1689.*

Written by N. TATE.

WHILE Britain's State Her Monarch does support,
Protects Her Liberties, adorns Her Courts,
Confirms Her Laws; the Muses Tribe would wrong
The Publick Int'rest to detain him long.

Tet, with His grateful Subjects they implore
Their Hour of Thanks, — even Them He did Restore.
To Them and Their Lov'd Swains did safety bring,
Permits Their Flocks so Free, and Them to Sing.
No Lambs shall now for Foreign Altars bleed,
The Flock, the Fleece, the Shepherds too are freed.
He Scorn'd all Danger, for Fair Britain's Aid,
(To Roman Zeal, a ready Victim laid,)
And with His Peril, sav'd the helpless Maid.
Belgia, that next Devoted was to Fall,
Did for the same Advent'rous Courage call,
He Fac'd our Common Fears —
Outbrav'd both Seas and Foes, to rescue All!
So HERCULES, when Monsters did infest,
Commenc'd His Toils to give the Nations rest.
Such Pious Valour justly is Ador'd,
And well may different Tongues, that had implor'd,
His Guardian Aid, consent to call him Lord.

}
Fortuna

Fortune and Chance, elsewhere may shew their Powers,
 Give Kingdoms Lords, but Providence gives Ours!
 Our kind Restorer first, who, to maintain
 Our rescu'd Freedom, Condescends to Reign.
 For Albion's Wounds a Sov'raign Balm decreed,
 But Heav'n not sent Him, 'till the utmost Need,
 To make its Champion Priz'd, and let Him lay
 Engagements, such as we cou'd nere Repay.
 His Fames vast only Price was his before,
 MARIA's Charms——— Empire cou'd add no more,
 Nature in Her exhausted all its Store.
 What we conferr, on Us descends again,
 Who wait the ripening Blessings of his Reign:
 Saturnian Days revolve, of former Crimes
 If any Seeds molest our Halcyon Times,
 And Rouze our Mars, on him lies all the Care,
 Defence and Freedom nere were bought too Dear:
 He only Arms to make our Dangers cease,
 His Wars are Glorious, for his End is Peace.
 The Muses once were Sacred, give 'em leave,
 One Vote for Britain's Welfare to conceive;
 They Sum Their Wisbes up, in one short Pray'r,
 (Join all True Hearts) Long Live the ROYAL PAIR.

F I N I S.

L I C E N S E D.

Novemb. 16. 1689.

J. FRASER,

L O N D O N,

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